

THE
MAYOR of GARRATT.

A
COMEDY,
In TWO ACTS.

As it is PERFORMED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION,



LONDON,
Printed for P. VAILLANT, and sold by P. ELMSLY,
in the Strand. MDCCLXXVI.

(Price One Shilling.)

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir JACOB JOLLUP,	Mr. BADDELY.
Major STURGEON,	Mr. FOOTE.
JERRY SNEAK,	Mr. WESTON.
CRISPIN HEEL-TAP,	Mr. BRANSEY.
BRUIN,	Mr. MOODY.
LINT,	Mr. CASTLE.
ROGER,	Mr. CLOUGH.
SNUFFLE,	Mr. VAUGHAN.
MATTHEW MUG,	Mr. FOOTE.
FIRST MOB,	Mr. FOX.
SECOND MOB,	Mr. MAR.
THIRD MOB,	Mr. WATKINS.
FOURTH MOB,	Mr. STRANGE.

W O M E N.

Mrs. SNEAK,	Mrs. CLIVE.
Mrs. BRUIN,	Mrs. LEE.

M O B.

Drummers' Performances.

MALE

Mr. Jackson	Mr. Jackson
Mr. T. H. Jones	Mr. T. H. Jones
Mr. W. H. Smith	Mr. W. H. Smith
Mr. J. H. Brown	Mr. J. H. Brown
Mr. C. H. Green	Mr. C. H. Green
Mr. G. H. White	Mr. G. H. White
Mr. V. H. Black	Mr. V. H. Black
Mr. P. H. Gray	Mr. P. H. Gray
Mr. M. H. Red	Mr. M. H. Red
Mr. W. H. Blue	Mr. W. H. Blue
Mr. J. H. Yellow	Mr. J. H. Yellow
Mr. S. H. Purple	Mr. S. H. Purple

WOMEN

Mr. E. H. Hall	Mr. E. H. Hall
Mr. F. H. King	Mr. F. H. King

M.O.

A



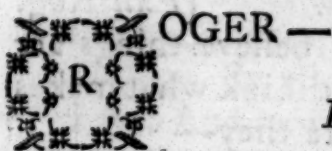
THE
MAYOR of GARRATT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Sir JACOB's House at Garrat.*

Enter Sir JACOB.

Sir Jacob.



ROGER —

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anan, Sir —

Sir Jac. Sir, firrah! and why not Sir Jacob, you rascal? is that all your manners? Has his majesty dubb'd me a Knight for you to make me a Mister? Are the candidates near upon coming?

Rog. Nic Goose the taylor from Putney, they say, will be here in a crack, Sir Jacob.

Sir

Sir Jac. Has Margery fetch'd in the linen?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Are the pigs and the poultry lock'd up in the barn?

Rog. Safe, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And the plate and spoons in the pantry?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then give me the key; the mob will soon be upon us; and all is fish that comes to their net. Has Ralph laid the cloth in the hall?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Then let him bring out the turkey and chine, and be sure there is plenty of mustard; and, d'ye hear, Roger, do you stand yourself at the gate, and be careful who you let in.

Rog. I will, Sir Jacob. [Exit Rog.]

Sir Jac. So, now I believe things are pretty secure: But I can't think what makes my daughters so late, ere they—

[Knocking at the gate.]

Who is that, Roger?

Rog. without. Master Lint, the potter-carrier, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Let him in. What the deuce can he want?

Enter

Enter Lint.

Sir Jac. Well, master Lint, your will ?

Lint. Why, I come, Sir Jacob, partly to enquire after your health ; and partly, as I may say, to settle the business of the day.

Sir Jac. What business ?

Lint. Your worship knoweth, this being the day of election, the rabble may be riotous ; in which case, maims, bruises, contusions, dislocations, fractures, simple and compound, may likely ensue ; now your worship need not be told, that I am not only a pharmacopolist, or vender of drugs ; but likewise chirurgeon, or healer of wounds.

Sir Jac. True, Master Lint, and equally skilful in both.

Lint. It is your worship's pleasure to say so, Sir Jacob : Is it your worship's will that I lend a ministring hand to the maim'd ?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Lint. And to whom must I bring in my bill ?

Sir Jac. Doubtless, the vestry.

Lint. Your worship knows, that, kill or cure, I have contracted to phyfic the parish-poor by the great : but this must be a separate charge.

Sir Jac. No, no ; all under one : come, master Lint, don't be unreasonable.

Lint.

Lint. Indeed, Sir Jacob, I can hardly afford it. What with the dearness of drugs, and the number of patients the peace has procured me, I can't get salt to my porridge.

Sir Jac. Bad this year, the better the next — We must take things rough and smooth as they run.

Lint. Indeed I have a very hard bargain.

Sir Jac. No such matter; we are, neighbour Lint, a little better instructed. Formerly, indeed, a fit of illness was very expensive; but now, physic is cheaper than food.

Lint. Marry, heaven forbid!

Sir Jac. No, no; your essences, elixirs, emetics, sweats, drops, and your pastes, and your pills, have silenced your pestles and mortars. Why a fever, that would formerly have cost you a fortune, you may now cure for twelve penn'orth of powder.

Lint. Or kill, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. And then as to your scurvies, and gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions, coughs and catarrhs, tar-water and turpentine will make you as sound as a roach.

Lint. Nostrums!

Sir Jac. Specifics, specifics, master Lint.

Lint. I am very sorry to find a man of your worship's——Sir Jacob, a promoter

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of puffs; an encourager of quacks, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Regulars, Lint, regulars; look at their names — Roger, bring me the News—not a soul of them but is either P. L. or M. D.

Lint. Plaguy liars! Murderous dogs!

Roger brings the News.

Sir Jac. Liars! Here, look at the list of their cures. The oath of Margery Squab, of Ratcliff-Highway, spinster.

Lint. Perjuries,

Sir Jac. And see here, the churchwardens have signed it.

Lint. Fictitious, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Sworn before the worshipful Mr. Justice Drowfy, this thirteenth day of —

Lint. Forgery.

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, firrah, do you think Mr. Justice Drowfy would set his hand to a forgery?

Lint. I know, Sir Jacob, that woman; she has been cured of fifty diseases in a fortnight, and every one of 'em mortal.

Sir Jac. You impudent—

Lint. Of a dropfy, by West—

Sir Jac. Audacious—

Lint. A cancer, by Cleland.

B

Sir

Sir Jac. Arrogant—

Lint. A palsy, by Walker—

Sir Jac. Impertinent—

Lint. Gout and sciatic, by Rock—

Sir Jac. Insolent—

Lint. Consumption, by Stevens's drops—

Sir Jac. Paltry—

Lint. And squinting by the Chevalier Taylor.—

Sir Jac. Pill-gilding puppy!

Lint. And as to the Justice, so the affidavit brings him a shilling—

Sir Jac. Why, hark'ye, rascal, how dare you abuse the commission?—You blood-letting, tooth-drawing, corn-cutting, worm-killing, blistering, glistering—

Lint. Bless me, Sir Jacob, I did not think to—

Sir Jac. What, sirrah, do you insult me in my office? Here, Roger, out with him—Turn him out.

Lint. Sir, as I hope to be—

Sir Jac. Away with him. You scoundrel, if my clerk was within, I'd send you this instant to Bridewell. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if after all my reading in Wood, and Nelson, and Burn; if after twenty years attendance at turnpike-meetings, sessions, petty and quarter; if after settling of rates, licencing ale-houses, and committing of vagrants—But all respect to
I authority

OF GARRATT. 7

authority is lost, and *Unus Quorum* now a-days, is no more regarded than a petty constable. [*Knocking.*] Roger, see who is at the gate? Why the fellow is deaf.

Rog. Justice Sturgeon, the fishmonger, from Brentford.

Sir Jac. Gad's my life! and Major to the Middlesex militia. Usher him in, Roger.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Sir Jac. I could have wish'd you had come a little sooner, Major Sturgeon.

Major. Why, what has been the matter, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. There has, Major, been here an impudent pill-monger, who has dar'd to scandalize the whole body of the bench.

Major. Insolent companion! had I been here, I would have mittimus'd the rascal at once.

Sir Jac. No, no, he wanted the Major more than the Magistrate; a few smart strokes from your cane would have fully answer'd the purpose—Well, Major, our wars are done; the rattling drum, and squeaking fife, now wound our ears no more.

Major. True, Sir Jacob, our corps is disembodied, so the French may sleep in security.

Sir Jac. But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major. A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob: the great difficulty they had was, to get me to turn out my toes; but use, use reconciles all them kind of things: why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite.

Sir Jac. No!

Major. No. There is more made of these matters than they merit. For the general good, indeed, I am glad of the peace; but as to my single self—And yet, we have had some desperate duty, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. No doubt.

Major. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Elin, from Elin to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge: The dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating—Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Moloffas. Bunhill-fields never saw a braver commander! He was an irreparable loss to the service.

Sir Jac. How came that about?

Major. Why, it was partly the Major's own fault; I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went upon action; but he was resolute, and would not be rul'd.

Sir

Sir Jac. Spirit; zeal for the service.

Major. Doubtless—But to proceed: In order to get our men in good spirits, we were quarter'd at Thistleworth the evening before; at day-break, our regiment form'd at Hounslow town's end, as it might be about here. The Major made a fine disposition: on we march'd, the men all in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane to the left, as it might be about there, in order to possess a pig's sty, that we might take the gallows in flank, and, at all events, secure a retreat; who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat in the front, the dogs bark'd in the rear, the oxen set up a gallop; on they came thundering upon us; broke through our ranks in an instant, and threw the whole corps in confusion.

Sir Jac. Terrible!

Major. The Major's horse took to his heels; away he scour'd over the heath. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and for some time held by his mane; but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, gave the Major a dowse in the chops, and plump'd him into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills.

Sir Jac. Dreadful!

Major.

Major. Whether from the fall or the fright, the Major mov'd off in a month—Indeed it was an unfortunate day for us all.

Sir Jac. As how?

Major. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Patty-Pan, Ensign Tripe, and myself, were returning to town in the Turnham-Green stage, we were stopp'd near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robb'd and stripp'd by a footpad.

Sir Jac. An unfortunate day, indeed!

Major. But in some measure to make me amends, I got the Major's commission.

Sir Jac. You did.

Major. O yes. I was the only one of the corps that could rid; otherwise, we always succeeded of course: no jumping over heads; no underhand work among us; all men of honour; and I must do the regiment the justice to say, there never was a set of more amiable officers.

Sir Jac. Quiet and peaceable.

Major. As lambs, Sir Jacob. Excepting one boxing-bout at the Three Compasses in Acton, between Captain Sheers and the Colonel, concerning a game at All-fours, I don't remember a single dispute.

Sir Jac. Why, that was mere mutiny; the Captain ought to have been broke.

Major. He was; for the Colonel not only took away his cockade, but his custom;
and

and I don't think poor Captain Sheers has done a stitch for him since.

Sir Jac. But you soon supplied the loss of Moloffas?

Major. In part only; no, Sir Jacob, he had great experience; he was train'd up to arms from his youth: at sixteen he trail'd a pike in the Artillery-ground; at eighteen got a company in the Smithfield pioneers; and by the time he was twenty, was made aid-de-camp to Sir Jeffery Grub, Knight, Alderman, and Colonel of the Yellow.

Sir Jac. A rapid rise!

Major. Yes, he had a genius for war; but what I wanted in practice, I made up by doubling my diligence. Our porter at home had been a serjeant of marines; so after shop was shut up at night, he us'd to teach me my exercise; and he had not to deal with a dunce, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Your progress was great.

Major. Amazing. In a week I could shoulder, and rest, and poize, and turn to the right, and wheel to the left; and in less than a month, I could fire without winking or blinking.

Sir Jac. A perfect Hannibal!

Major. Ah, and then I learnt to form lines, and hollows, and squares, and evolutions, and revolutions: let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky that Monsieur kept his
myr-

myrmidons at home, or we should have pepper'd his flat-bottom'd boats.

Sir Jac. Ay, marry, he had a marvellous escape.

Major. We would a taught him what a Briton can do, who is fighting *pro arvis* and *focus*.

Sir Jac. Pray now, Major, which do you look upon as the best disciplin'd troops, the London regiments, or the Middlesex militia?

Major. Why, Sir Jacob, it does not become me to say; but lack-a-day, they have never seen any service—Holiday soldiers! Why, I don't believe, unless indeed upon a lord-mayor's day, and that mere matter of accident, that they were ever wet to the skin in their lives.

Sir Jac. Indeed!

Major. No! soldiers for sun-shine, Cockneys; they have not the appearance, the air, the freedom, the *Jenny sequi* that—Oh, could you but see me salute: you have never a spontoon in the house?

Sir Jac. No; but we could get you a shove-pike.

Major. No matter. Well, Sir Jacob, and how are your fair daughters, sweet Mrs. Sneak, and the lovely Mrs. Bruin; is she as lively and as brilliant as ever?

Sir Jac. Oh, oh, now the murder is out; this visit was intended for them; come, own now,

now, Major, did not you expect to meet with them here? You officers are men of such gallantry!

Major. Why, we do tickle up the ladies, Sir Jacob; there is no resisting a red coat.

Sir Jac. True, true, Major.

Major. But that is now all over with me—
“Farewell to the plumed steeds and neigh-
“ing troops,” as the black man says in the
play; like the Roman censor, I shall re-
tire to my sallow field, and there cultivate
cabbages.

Sir Jac. Under the shade of your laurels.

Major. True; I have done with the Ma-
jor, and now return to the magistrate; *Ce-
dunt Arma Togge.*

Sir Jac. Still in the service of your
country.

Major. True; man was not made for
himself; and so, thinking that this would
prove a busy day in the justicing way, I am
come, Sir Jacob, to lend you a hand.

Sir Jac. Done like a neighbour.

Major. I have brought, as I suppose most
of our business will be in the battery way,
some warrants and mittimus ready fill'd
up, with all but the names of the parties,
in order to save time.

Sir Jac. A provident magistrate.

Major. Pray, how shall we manage as to
the article of swearing; for I reckon we
shall have oaths as plenty as hops.

14 THE MAYOR

Sir Jac. Why, with regard to that branch of our business, to-day, I believe, the law must be suffer'd to sleep.

Major. I should think we might pick up something that's pretty that way.

Sir Jac. No, poor rascals, they would not be able to pay; and as to the stocks, we should never find room for their legs.

Major. Pray, Sir Jacob, is Matthew Marrow-bone, the butcher of your town, living or dead?

Sir Jac. Living.

Major. And swears as much as he used?

Sir Jac. An alter'd man, Major; not an oath comes out of his mouth.

Major. You surprise me; why, when he frequented our town of a market-day, he has taken out a guinea in oaths—and quite chang'd?

Sir Jac. Entirely; they say his wife has made him a Methodist, and that he preaches at Kennington-Common.

Major. What a deal of mischief those rascals do in the country—Why then we have entirely lost him?

Sir Jac. In that way; but I got a brace of bind-overs from him last week for a couple of bastards.

Major. Well done, master Matthew—but pray now, Sir Jacob—

[*Mob without, huzza!*]

Sir Jac. What's the matter now, Roger?

Enter

Enter Roger.

Rog. The electors desire to know, if your worship has any body to recommend?

Sir Jac. By no means; let them be free in their choice: I shan't interfere.

Rog. And if your worship has any objection to Crispin Heel-tap, the Cobler's being returning officer?

Sir Jac. None, provided the rascal can keep himself sober: Is he there?

Rog. Yes, Sir Jacob: make way there; stand father off from the gate: here is Madam Sneak in a chair, along with her husband.

Major. Gad's so, you will permit me to convoy her in? *[Exit Major.]*

Sir Jac. Now here is one of the evils of war. This Sturgeon was as pains-taking a Billingsgate-broker, as any in the bills of mortality. But the fish is got out of his element; the soldier has quite demolish'd the citizen.

Enter Mrs. Sneak, handed by the Major.

Mrs. Sneak. Dear Major, I demand a million of pardons. I have given you a profusion of trouble; but by husband is such goosc-cap, that I can't get no good out of him at home or abroad—Jerry, Jerry Sneak—Your blessing, Sir Jacob.

16 THE MAYOR

Sir Jac. Daughter, you are welcome to Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, Jerry Sneak. I say.

Enter Sneak, with a band-box, a hoop-petticoat under his arm, and cardinal, &c. &c. &c.

Sneak. Here, lovy:

Mrs. Sneak. Here, looby: there, lay these things in the hall; and then go and look after the horse: are you sure you have got all the thing out of the chaise?

Sneak. Yes, chuck.

Mrs. Sneak. Then give me my fan.

[Jerry drops the things in searching his pocket for the Fan.]

Mrs. Sneak. Did ever mortal see such a—I declare, I am quite asham'd to be seen with him broad: go, get you gone out of my sight.

Sneak. I go, lovy: Good day to my father-in-law.

Sir Jac. I am glad to see you, son Sneak: But where is your brother Bruin and his wife?

Sneak. He will be here anon, father Sir Jacob; he did but just step into the Alley to gather how tickets were sold.

Sir Jac. Very well, son Sneak.

[Exit Sneak.]

Mrs.

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Mrs. Sneak. Son! yes, and a pretty son you have provided.

Sir Jac. I hope all for the best: why, what terrible work there would have been, had you married such a one as your sister; one house could never have contain'd you—Now, I thought this meek mate—

Mrs. Sneak. Meek! a mushroom! a milkop!

Sir Jac. Lookye, Molly, I have married you to a man; take care you don't make him a monster. [Exit Sir Jac.

Mrs. Sneak. Monster! Why, Major, the fellow has no more heart than a mouse: Had my kind stars indeed, allotted me a military man, I should, doubtless, have deported myself in a befittingly manner.

Major. Unquestionably, madam.

Mrs. Sneak. Nor would the Major have found, had it been my fortune to intermarry with him, that Molly Jollup would have dishonoured his cloth.

Major. I should have been too happy.

Mrs. Sneak. Indeed, Sir, I reverence the army; they are all so brave; so polite; so every thing a woman can wish—

Major. Oh! Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. So elegant; so genteel; so obliging: and then the rank; why, who would dare to affront the wife of a Major?

Major. No man with impunity; that I take the freedom to say, madam.

Mrs.

18 THE MAYOR

Mrs. Sneak. I know it, good Sir: Oh! I am no stranger to what I have miss'd.

Major. Oh, madam!—Let me die, but she has infinite merit. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sneak. Then to be join'd to a sneaking slovenly cit; a paltry, prying, pitiful pin-maker!

Major. Melancholy!—

Mrs. Sneak. To be jostled and cramm'd with the croud: no respect, no place, no precedence; to be choak'd with the smoak of the city: no country jaunts but to Islington; no balls but at Pewterer's-hall.

Major. Intolerable!

Mrs. Sneak. I see, Sir, you have a proper sense of my sufferings.

Major. And would shed my best blood to relieve them.

Mrs. Sneak. Gallant gentleman!

Major. The brave must favour the fair.

Mrs. Sneak. Intrepid Major!

Major. Divine Mrs. Sneak!

Mrs. Sneak. Obliging commander!

Major. Might I be permitted the honour—

Mrs. Sneak. Sir—

Major. Just to ravish a kiss from your hand.

Mrs. Sneak. You have a right to all we can grant.

Major. Courteous, condescending, complying—Hum—Ha!

Enter

Enter Sneak.

Sneak. Chuck, my brother and sister Bruin are just turning the corner; the Clapham stage was quite full, and so they came by water.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish they had all been fous'd in the Thames—A prying, impertinent puppy!

Major. Next time, I will clap a centinel to secure the door.

Mrs. Sneak. Major Sturgeon, permit me to withdraw for a moment; my dress demands a little repair.

Major. Your ladyship's most entirely devoted.

Mrs. Sneak. Ladyship! he is the very Broglie and Bellise of the army!

Sneak. Shall I wait upon you, dove?

Mrs. Sneak. No, dolt; what, would you leave the Major alone? is that your manners, you mongrel?

Major. Oh, madam, I can never be alone; your sweet idera will be my constant companion.

Mrs. Sneak. Mark that: I am sorry, Sir, I am obligated to leave you.

Major. Madam—

Mrs. Sneak. Especially with such a wretched companion.

Major. Oh, madam—

Mrs.

20 THE MAYOR

Mrs. Sneak. But as soon as my dress is restor'd, I shall fly to relieve your distress.

Major. For that moment I shall wait with the greatest impatience.

Mrs. Sneak. Courteous commander.

Major. Barragon of women!

Mrs. Sneak. Adieu!

Major. Adieu! [Exit *Mrs. Sneak.*

Sneak. Notwithstanding, Sir, all my chicken has said, I am special company when she is not by.

Major. I doubt not, master Sneak.

Sneak. If you would but come one Thursday-night to our club, at the Nagg's-Head in the Poultry, you would meet some roaring, rare boys, i'faith: There's Jemmy Perkins, the packer; little Tom Simkins, the grocer; honest Master Muzzle, the midwife—

Major. A goodly company!

Sneak. Ay, and then sometimes we have the Choice Spitits from Comus's Court, and we crack jokes, and are so jolly and funny: I have learnt myself to sing "An old woman clothed in grey." But I durst not sing out loud, because my wife would overhear me; and she says as how I bawl worser than the broom-man.

Major. And you must not think of disoblighing your lady.

Sneak. I never does: I never contradicts her, not I.

Major.

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Major. That's right : she is a woman of infinite merit.

Sneak. O, a power : and don't you think she is very pretty withal ?

Major. A Venus !

Sneak. Yes, werry like Wenus—Mayhap, you have known her some time ?

Major. Long.

Sneak. Belike, before she was married ?

Major. I did, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, when she was a wirgin. I thought you was an old acquaintance, by your kissing her hand ; for we ben't quite so familiar as that—But then, indeed, we han't been married a year.

Major. The mere honey-moon.

Sneak. Ay, ay, I suppose we shall come to it by degrees.

Bruin [*within*] Come along, Jane ; why you are as purfy and lazy, you jade—

Enter Bruin, and Wife ; Bruin with a cotton-cap on ; his Wife with his wig, great-coat, and fishing-rod.

Bruin. Come, Jane, give me my wig ; you slut, how you have touselled the curls ? Master Sneak, a good morning to you ; Sir, I am your humble servant, unknown.

D

Enter

Enter Roger.

Rog. Mrs. Sneak begs to speak with the Major.

Major. I will wait on the lady immediately.

Sneak. Don't tarry an instant ; you can't think how impatient she is.

[*Exit Major.*

Sneak. A good morrow to you, brother Bruin ; you have had a warm walk across the fields.

Mrs. Bruin. Good lord, I am all in a muck —

Bruin. And who may you thank for it, huffy ? If you had got up time enough, you might have secur'd the stage ; but you are a lazy lie-a-bed —

Mrs. Bruin. There's Mr. Sneak keeps my sister a chay.

Bruin. And so he may ; but I know better what to do with my money : indeed, if the war had but continued awhile, I don't know what mought ha' been done ; but this plaguy peace, with a pox to't, has knock'd up all the trade of the Alley.

Mrs. Bruin. For the matter of that, we can afford it well enough as it is.

Bruin. And how do you know that ? Who told you as much, Mrs. Mixen ? I hope I know the world better than to trust my

concerns with a wife: no, no, thank you for that, Mrs. Jane.

Mrs. Bruin. And pray, who is more fitter to be trusted?

Bruin. Hey-day! Why, the wench in bewitch'd: come, come, let's have none of your palaver here — Take twelve-pence and pay the waterman. — But first see if he has broke none of the pipes — And, d'ye hear, Jane, be sure to lay the fishing-rod safe. [Exit Mrs. Bruin.]

Sneak. Ods me, how finely she's manag'd! what would I give to have my wife as much under!

Bruin. It is all your own fault, brother Sneak.

Sneak. D'ye think so? she is a sweet pretty Creature.

Bruin. A vixen.

Sneak. Why, to say the truth, she does now and then hector a little; and, between ourselves, domineers like the devil: O Lord, I lead the life of a dog: why, she allows me but two shillings a week for my pocket.

Bruin. No!

Sneak. No, man; 'tis she that receives and pays all: and then I am forc'd to trot after her to church, with her cardinal, patens, and prayer-book, for all the world as if I was still a 'prentice.

Bruin. Zounds! I would fouse them all in the kennel.

Sneak. I durst not—And then at table, I never gets what I loves.

Bruin. The devil!

Sneak. No; she always helps me herself to the tough drumsticks of turkies, and the damn'd fat flaps of shoulders of mutton: I don't think I have eat a bit of under-crust since we have been married: you see, brother Bruin, I am almost as thin as a lath.

Bruin. An absolute skeleton!

Sneak. Now, if you think I could carry my point, I would so swinge and leather my lambkin: God, I would so curry and claw her.

Bruin. By the lord Harry, she richly deserves it.

Sneak. Will you, brother, lend me a lift?

Bruin. Command me at all times.

Sneak. Why then, I will verily pluck up a spirit; and the first time she offers to—

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry, Jerry Sneak!

Sneak. Gad's my life, sure as a gun that's her voice: look'ye, brother, I don't chuse to breed a disturbance in another body's house; but as soon as ever I get home—

Bruin. Now is your time.

Sneak. No, no; it would not be decent.

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Jerry! Jerry!—

Sneak. I come, lovy. But you will be sure to stand by me?

Bruin. Trot, nincompoop.

Sneak.

O F G A R R A T T. 25

Sneak. Well, if I don't — I wish —

Mrs. Sneak. [*within*] Where is this lazy puppy a-loitering?

Sneak. I come, chuck, as fast I can —
Good Lord, what a sad life do I lead!

[*Exit Sneak.*

Bruin. *Ex quo vis linguo*: who can make
a filk purse of a sow's ear?

Enter Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. Come, son Bruin, we are all
seated at table, man; we have but just time
for a snack: the candidates are near upon
coming.

Bruin. A poor, paltry, mean spirited —
Damn it, before I would submit to such a —

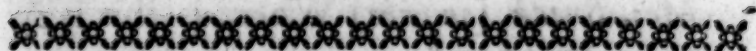
Sir Jac. Come, come, man; don't be so
crusty.

Bruin. I follow, Sir Jacob: Damme,
when once a man gives up his prerogative,
he might as well give up — But, however,
it is no bread and butter of mine — Jerry,
Jerry — Zounds, I would Jerry and jerk
her too.

[*Exit,*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE Continues.

Sir JACOB, Major STURGEON, Mr. and Mrs. BRUIN, Mr. and Mrs. SNEAK, discovered.

Mrs. Sneak.

INDEED, Major, not a grain of curiosity! Can it be thought that we, who have a Lord-Mayor's show every year, can take any pleasure in this?

Major. In time of war, madam, these meetings are not amiss; I fancy a man might pick up a good many recruits: but in these piping times of peace, I wonder Sir Jacob permits it.

Sir Jac. It would, Major, cost me my popularity to quash it: the common people are as fond of their customs as the barons were of their *Magna Charta*: besides, my tenants make some little advantage.

Enter Roger.

Rog. Crispin Heel-tap, with the electors, are set out from the Adam and Eve.

Sir

OF GARRATT. 27

Sir Jac. Gad so, then they will soon be upon us: come, good folks, the balcony will give us the best view of the whole. Major, you will take the ladies under protection.

Major. Sir Jacob, I am upon guard.

Sir Jac. I can tell you, this Heel-tap is an arch rascal.—

Sneak. And plays the best game at cribbage in the whole corporation of Garratt.

Mrs. Sneak. That puppy will always be a-chattering.

Sneak. Nay, I did but —

Mrs. Sneak. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you home in an instant —

Sir Jac. Pr'ythee, daughter!—You may to-day, Major, meet with something that will put you in mind of more important transactions.

Major. Perhaps so.

Sir Jac. Lack-a-day, all men are alike; their principles exactly the same: for tho' art and education may disguise or polish the manner, the same motives and springs are universally planted.

Major. Indeed!

Sir Jac. Why, in this mob, this group of plebeians, you will meet with materials to make a Sylla, a Cicero, a Solon, or a Cæsar: let them but change conditions, and the world's great lord had been but the best wrestler on the green.

Major.

Major. Ay, ay, I could have told these things formerly ; but since I have been in the army, I have entirely neglected the classes.

Mob without huzza.

Sir Jac. But the heroes are at hand, Major.

Sneak. Father Sir Jacob, might not we have a tankard of stingo above ?

Sir Jac. By all means.

Sneak. D'ye hear, Roger.

[Exeunt into the balcony.]

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Mob, with Heel-tap at their head ; some crying a Goose ; others a Mug ; others a Primmer.

Heel-Tap. Silence, there ; silence.

1st Mob. Hear neighbour Heel-Tap.

2d Mob, Ay, ay, hear Crispin.

3d Mob. Ay, ay, hear him, hear Crispin : He will put us into the model of the thing at once.

Heel-Tap. Why then, silence, I say.

All. Silence.

Heel-Tap. Silence, and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions.

1st Mob. Ay, ay, there is no doing without that.

All.

All. No, no, no.

Heel-Tap. Silence then, and keep the peace ; what, is there no respect paid to authority : am not I the returning officer ?

All. Ay, ay, ay.

Heel-Tap. Chosen by yourselves, and approved of by Sir Jacob ?

All. True, true.

Heel-Tap. Well then, be silent and civil : stand back there, that gentleman without a shirt, and make room for your betters : where's Simon Snuffle the Sexton ?

Snuffle. Here.

Heel-Tap. Let him come forward ; we appoint him our secretary : for Simon is a scollard, and can read written hand ; and so let him be respected accordingly.

3d. Mob. Room for Master Snuffle.

Heel-Tap. Here, stand by me : and let us, neighbours, proceed to open the premunire of the thing : but first, your reverence to the lord of the manor : a long life and a merry one to our landlord Sir Jacob ! huzza !

Mob. Huzza !

Sneak How fares, it honest Crispin ?

Heel-Tap. Servant, Master Sneak.—Let us now open the premunire of the thing, which I shall do briefly, with all the loquacity possible ; that is, in a medium way ; which, that we may the better do it, let the secretary read the names of the candidates,

E

and

and what they say for themselves ; and then we shall know what to say of them : Master Snuffle, begin.

Snuffle. “ To the worthy inhabitants of
“ the ancient corporation of Garratt : Gen-
“ tlemen, your votes and interest are hum-
“ bly requested in favour of Timothy
“ Goose, to succeed your late worthy
“ mayor, Mr. Richard Dripping, in the
“ said office, he being—

Heel-Tap. This Goose is but a kind of Gosling, a sort of sneaking scoundrel: who is he?

Snuffle. A journeyman taylor, from Putney.

Heel-Tap. A journeyman taylor ! A rascal, has he the impudence to transpire to be mayor ? D’ye consider, neighbours, the weight of this office ? Why, it is a burthen for the back of a porter ; and can you think that this cross legg’d cabbage-eating son of a cucumber, this whey-fac’d ninny, who is but the ninth part of a man, has strength to support it ?

1st Mob. No Goose ! no Goose !

2d Mob. A Goose !

Heel-Tap. Hold your hissing, and proceed to the next.

Snuffle. “ Your votes are desired for Mat-
“ thew Mug.”

1st Mob. A Mug ! A Mug !

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Oh, oh, what you are all ready to have a touch of the tankard: but, fair and soft, good neighbours, let us taste this Master Mug, before we swallow him; and, unless I am mistaken, you will find him a damn'd bitter draught.

1st Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

2d Mob. Hear him; hear Master Heel-Tap?

1st Mob. A Mug! A Mug!

Heel-Tap. Harkye, you fellow, with your mouth full of Mug, let me ask you a question: bring him forward; pray is not this Matthew Mug a victualler?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. And lives at the sign of the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I believe he may.

Heel-Tap. Now answer upon your honour, and as you are a gentleman, what is the present price of a quart of home-brew'd at the Adam and Eve?

3d Mob. I don't know.

Heel-Tap. You lie, firrah: an't it a groat?

3d Mob. I believe it may.

Heel-Tap. Oh, may be so: now, neighbours, here's a pretty rascal; this same Mug, because, d'ye see, state-affairs would not jog glibly without laying a farthing a quart upon ale; this scoundrel, not contented to take things in a medium way, has had the impudence to raise it a penny.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Heel-Tap. So, I thought I should crack Mr. Mug. Come, proceed to the next, Simon.

Snuffle. The next upon the list is Peter Primmer, the school-master.

Heel-Tap. Ay, neighbours, and a sufficient man: let me tell you, Master Primmer is the man for my money; a man of learning; that can lay down the law; why, adzooks, he is wise enough to puzzle the parson: and then, how you have heard him oration at the Adam and Eve of a Saturday night, about Russia and Prussia; Ecod, George Gage the exciseman is nothing at all to un.

4th Mob. A Primmer!

Heel-Tap. Ay, if the folks above did but know him; why, lads, he will make us all statesmen in time.

2d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. Why, he swears as how all the miscarriages are owing to the great people's not learning to read.

3d Mob. Indeed!

Heel-Tap. For, says Peter, says he, if they would but once submit to be learned by me, there is no knowing to what a pitch the nation might rise.

1st Mob. Ay, I wish they would.

Sneak. Crispin, what is Peter Primmer a candidate?

Heel-

Heel-Tap. He is, Master Sneak.

Sneak. Lord, I know him, mun, as well my mother: why, I used to go to his lectures to Pewterer's-hall 'long with deputy Firkin.

Heel-Tap. Like enough.

Sneak. Ods me, brother Bruin, can you tell what is become of my wife?

Bruin. She is gone off with the Major.

Sneak. Mayhap to take a walk in the garden; I will go and take a peep at what they are doing. *[Exit Sneak.]*

Mob without huzza!

Heel-Tap. Gadso! the candidates are coming. Come, neighbours range yourselves to the right and left, that you may be canvass'd in order: let us see who comes first?

1st Mob. Master Mug.

Heel-Tap. Now, neighbours, have a good caution that this Master Mug does not cajole you; he is a damn'd palavering fellow.

Enter Matthew Mug.

Mug. Gentlemen, I am the lowest of your slaves: Mr. Heel-Tap, have the honour of kissing your hand.

Heel-Tap. There, did not I tell you?

Mug. Ah, my very good friend, I hope your father is well?

1st Mob. He is dead.

Mug.

Mug. So he is. Mr. Grub, if my wishes prevail, your very good wife is in health.

2d Mob. Wife! I never was married.

Mug. No more you were. Well, neighbours and friends—Ah! what honest Dick Bennet.

3d Mob. My name is Gregory Gubbins.

Mug. You are right, it is so; and how fares it with good Master Gubbins?

3d Mob. Pretty tight, Master Mug.

Mug. I am exceedingly happy to hear it.

4th Mob. Hark'ye, Master Mug.

Mug. Your pleasure, my very dear friend?

4th Mob. Why as how, and concerning our young one at home.

Mug. Right, she is a prodigious promising girl.

4th Mob. Girl! Zooks, why 'tis a boy.

Mug. True, a fine boy! I love and honour the child.

4th Mob. Nay, 'tis none such a child; but you promis'd to get un a place.

Mug. A place! what place?

4th Mob. Why, a gentleman's service, you know.

Mug. It is done; it is fix'd; it is settled.

4th Mob. And when is the lad to take on?

Mug. He must go in a fortnight at farthest.

4th Mob. And is it a pretty goodish birth, Master Mug?

Mug.

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Mug. The best in the world; head-butler to lady Barbara Bounce.

4th Mob. A lady!

Mug. The wages are not much, but the vails are amazing.

4th Mob. Barbara Bunch?

Mug. Yes; she has routs on Tuesdays and Sundays, and he gathers the tables; only he finds candles, cards, coffee, and tea.

4th Mob. Is Lady Barbara's work pretty tight?

Mug. As good as a sine-cure; he only writes cards to her company, and dresses his mistress's hair.

4th Mob. Hair! Zounds, why Jack was bred to dressing of horses.

Mug. True, but he is suffered to do that by deputy.

4th Mob. May be so.

Mug. It is so. Hark'ye, dear Heel-Trap, who is this fellow, I should remember his face?

Heel-Trap. And don't you?

Mug. Not I, I profess.

Heel-Trap. No!

Mug. No.

Heel-Trap. Well said Master Mug; but come, time wears: have you any thing more to say to the corporation?

Mug. Gentleman of the corporation of Garratt.

Heel-

Heel-Tap. Now, twig him; now, mind him: mark how he hawls his muscles about.

Mug. The honour I this day solicit, will be to me the most honourable honour that can be conferr'd; and, should I succeed, you, gentlemen may depend on my using my utmost endeavours to promote the good of the borough; for which purpose, the encouragement of your trade and manufactories will most principally tend. Garratt, it must be own'd is an inland town, and has not, like Wandsworth, and Fulham, and Putney, the glorious advantage of a port; but what nature has denied, industry may supply: cabbage, carrots, and colly-flowers, may be deemed at present your staple commodities; but why should not your commerce be extended? Were I, gentlemen, worthy to advise, I should recommend the opening a new branch of trade; sparagrafs, gentlemen, the manufacturing of sparagrafs: Battersea, I own, gentlemen, bears at present the belle; but where lies the fault? In ourselves, gentlemen; let us, gentlemen, but exert our natural strength, and I will take upon me to say, that a hundred of grass from the corporation of Garratt, will in a short time, at the London market, be held at least as an equivalent to a Battersea bundle.

Mob. A Mug! a Mug!

Heel-

Heel-tap. Damn the Fellow, what a tongue he has! God, I must step in, or he will carry the day. Harkee, Master Mug?

Mug. Your pleasure, my very good friend?

Heel-Tap. No flumming me: I tell thee, Matthew, 'twont do: why, as to this article of ale here, how comes it about, that you have rais'd it a penny a quart?

Mug. A word in your ear, Crispin; you and your friends shall have it at three pence.

Heel-Tap. What, sirrah, d'ye offer a bribe! D'ye dare to corrupt me, you scoundrel!

Mug. Gentlemen——

Heel-Tap. Here, neighbours; the fellow has offer'd to bate a penny a quart, if so be as how I would be consenting to impose upon you.

Mob. No Mug! no Mug!

Mug. Neighbours, friends——

Mob. No Mug!

Mug. I believe this is the first borough that ever was lost, by the returning-officer's refuse a bribe.

[Exit Mug.]

2d Mob. Let us go and pull down his sign.

Heel-Tap. Hold, hold, no riot: but that we may not give Mug time to pervert the votes and carry the day, let us proceed to the election.

Mob. Agreed! agreed!

[*Exit Heel-Tap, and Mob.*

Sir Jacob, Bruin, and Wife, come from the balcony.

Sir Jac. Well, son Bruin, how d'ye relish the Corporation of Garratt?

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Sir Jacob; my way is always to speak what I think: I don't approve on't at all.

Mrs. Bruin. No!

Sir Jac. And what's your objection?

Bruin. Why I was never over-fond of your May-games; besides, corporations are too serious things; they are edge-tools, Sir Jacob.

Sir Jac. That they are frequently tools, I can readily grant: but I never heard much of their edge.

Mrs. Bruin. Well now, I protest, I am pleas'd with it mightily.

Bruin. And who the devil doubts it?— You women folks are easily pleas'd.

Mrs. Bruin. Well, I like it so well, that I hope to see one every year.

Bruin. Do you? Why then you will be damnably bit; you may take your leave I can tell you, for this is the last you shall see.

Sir Jac. Fye, Mr. Bruin, how can you be such a bear: is that a manner of treating your wife?

Bruin.

Bruin. What, I suppose you would have me such a sniveling sot as your son-in-law Sneak, to truckle and cringe, to fetch and to —

Enter Sneak, in a violent hurry.

Sneak. Where's brother Bruin? O Lord! brother, I have such a dismal story to tell you.

Bruin. What's the matter?

Sneak. Why, you know I went into the garden to look for my wife and the Major, and there I hunted and hunted as sharp as if it had been for one of my own minickens; but the deuce a Major or Madam could I see: at last, a thought came into my head to look for them up in the summer-house.

Bruin. And there you found them?

Sneak. I'll tell you, the door was lock'd; and then I look'd thro' the key-hole: and, there, Lord a mercy upon us! [*Whispers*] as sure as a gun.

Bruin. Indeed! Zounds, why did not you break open the door?

Sneak. I durst not: what, would you have me set my wit to a soldier? I warrant, the Major would have knock'd me down with one of his boots; for I could see they were both of them off.

Bruin. Very well! Pretty doings! You see, Sir Jacob, these are the fruits of indul-

dulgence; you may call me bear, but your daughter shall never make me a beast.

Mob huzzas.

Sir Jac. Hey-day! What is the election over already?

Enter Crispin, &c.

Heel-Tap. Where is master Sneak?

Sneak. Here, Crispin.

Heel-Tap. The ancient corporation of Garratt, in consideration of your great parts and abilities, and out of respect to their landlord, Sir Jacob, have unanimously chosen you mayor.

Sneak. Me! huzza! good Lord, who would have thought it: but how come Master Primmer to lose it?

Heel-Tap. Why, Phill Fleam had told the electors, that Master Primmer was an Irishman; and so they would none of them give their vote for a foreigner.

Sneak. So then, I have it for certain: Huzza! Now, brother Bruin, you shall see how I'll manage my Madam: Gad, I'll make her know I am a man of authority; she shan't think to bullock and domineer over me.

Bruin. Now for it, Sneak; the enemy's at hand.

Sneak. You promise to stand by me, brother Bruin.

Bruin.

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Bruin. Tooth and nail.

Sneak. Then now for it; I am ready, let her come when she will.

Enter Mrs. Sneak.

Mrs. Sneak. Where is the puppy?

Sneak. Yes, yes, she is axing for me.

Mrs. Sneak. So, sot; what, is this true that I hear?

Sneak. May be 'tis, may be 'tant: I don't chuse to trust my affairs with a voman. Is that right, brother Bruin?

Bruin. Fine! don't bate her an inch.

Sneak. Stand by me.

Mrs. Sneak. Hey-day! I am amaz'd! Why, what is the meaning of this?

Sneak. The meaning is plain, that I am grown a man, and vil do what I please, without being accountable to nobody.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, the fellow is surely bewitch'd.

Sneak. No, I am unwitch'd, and that you shall know to your cost; and since you provoke me, I will tell you a bit of my mind: what, I am the husband, I hope?

Bruin. That's right: at her again.

Sneak. Yes; and you shan't think to hector and domineer over me as you have done; for I'll go to the club when I please, and stay out as late as I list, and row in a boat to Putney on Sundays, and wisit my friends

friends at Vitsontide, and keep the key of the till, and help myself at table to what vittles I like, and I'll have a bit of the brown.

Bruin. Bravo, brother! Sneak the day's your own.

Sneak. An't it? vhy, I did not think it vas in me; shall I tell her all I know?

Bruin. Every thing; you see she is struck dumb.

Sneak. As an oyfter: besides, madam, I have something further to tell you: ecod, if some folks go into gardens with Majors; mayhap other people may go into garrets with maids.—There, I gave it her home, brother Bruin.

Mrs. Sneak. Why, doodle! jackanapes! harkee, who am I?

Sneak. Come, don't go to call names: am I? vhy my vife, and I am your master.

Mrs. Sneak. My master! you paltry, puddling puppy; you sneaking, shabby, scrubby, snivelling whelp!

Sneak. Brother Bruin', don't let her come near me.

Mrs. Sneak. Have I, firrah, demean'd myself to wed such a thing, such a reptile as thee! Have I not made myself a by-word to all my acquaintance! don't all the world cry, Lord, who would have thought it! Miss Molly Jollup to be married to Sneak! to take up at last with such a noodle as he!

Sneak.

Sneak. Ay, and glad enough you could catch me: you know, you was pretty near your last legs.

Mrs. Sneak. Was there ever such a confident cur? My last legs! Why, all the country knows, I could have pick'd and chus'd where I would: did not I refuse 'Squire Ap-Griffith from Wales? did not Counselor Crab come a courting a twelvemonth? did not Mr. Wort, the great brewer of Brentford, make an offer that I should keep my post-chay?

Sneak. Nay, brother Bruin, she has had werry good proffers, that is certain.

Mrs. Sneak. My last legs!—but I can rein my passion no longer: let me get at the villain.

Bruin. O fye, sister Sneak.

Sneak. Hold her fast.

Mrs. Sneak. Mr. Bruin, unhand me: what, it is you that have stirred up these coals then; he is set on by you to abuse me.

Bruin. Not I; I would only have a man behave like a man.

Mrs. Sneak. What, and are you to teach him, I warrant—But here comes the Major.

Enter Major Sturgeon.

Oh Major! such a riot and rumpus! Like a man indeed! I wish people would mind their own affairs, and not meddle with
mat-

matters that does not concern them : but all in good time ; I shall one day catch him alone, when he has not his bullies to back him.

Sneak. Adod, that's true, brother Bruin ; what shall I do when she has me at home, and nobody by but ourselves ?

Bruin. If you get her once under, you may do with her whatever you will.

Major. Look'ye, Master Bruin, I don't know how this behaviour may suit with a citizen, but, were you an officer, and Major Sturgeon upon your court-martial—

Bruin. What then ?

Major. Then ! why then you would be broke.

Bruin. Broke ! and for what ?

Major. What ! read the articles of war : but these things are out of your spear ; points of honour are for the sons of the sword.

Sneak. Honour ! if you come to that, where was your honour when you got my wife in the garden ?

Major. Now, Sir Jacob, this is the curse of our cloth : all suspected for the faults of a few.

Sneak. Ay, and not without reason ; I heard of your tricks at the king of Bohemy, when you was campaigning about, I did : father Sir Jacob, he is as wicious as an old ram.

Major.

Major. Stop whilst you are safe Master Sneak; for the sake of your amiable lady, I pardon what is past—But for you—

Bruin. Well.

Major. Dread the whole force of my fury.

Bruin. Why, look'ye, Major Sturgeon, I don't much care for your poppers and sharps, because why, they are out of my way; but if you will doff with your boots, and box a couple of bouts.

Major. Box! box! blades! bullets! Bag-shot!

Mrs. Sneak. Not for the world, my dear Major! oh, risk not so precious a life. Ungrateful wretches! and is this the reward for all the great feats he has done? After all his marchings, his fousings, his sweatings, his swimnings; must his dear blood be spilt by a broker!

Major. Be satisfy'd, sweet Mrs. Sneak; these little fracasés we soldiers are subject to; trifles, bagatailes, Mrs. Sneak: But that matters may be conducted in a military manner, I will get our chaplain to pen me a challenge. Expect to hear from my adjutant.

Mrs. Sneak. Major, Sir Jacob; what, are you all leagu'd against his dear——A man yes, a very manly action indeed, to set married people a quarrelling, and ferment a difference between husband and wife; if you

were a man, you would not stand by and see a poor woman beat and abus'd by a brute, you would not.

Sneak. Oh Lord, I can hold out no longer! why, brother Bruin, you have set her a weeping: my life, my lovy, don't weep: did I ever think I should have made my Molly to weep!

Mrs. Sneak. Last legs! you lubberly—
[Strikes him.

Sir Jac. Oh, fye! Molly.

Mrs. Sneak. What, are you leagu'd against me, Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Prithee, don't expose yourself before the whole parish: but what has been the occasion of this?

Mrs. Sneak. Why has not he gone and made himself the fool of the fair? Mayor of Garratt indeed! ecod, I could trample him under my feet.

Sneak. Nay, why should you grudge me my purfarment?

Mrs. Sneak. Did you ever hear such an oaff? why thee wilt be pointed at wherever thee goest: look'ye, Jerry, mind what I say; go, get 'em to chose somebody else, or never come near me again.

Sneak. What shall I do, father Sir Jacob?

Sir Jac. Nay, daughter, you take this thing in too serious a light; my honest neighbours thought to compliment me: but come, we'll settle the business at once.
Neigh-

Neighbours, my son Sneak being seldom amongst us, the duty will never be done, so we will get our honest friend Heel-Tap to execute the office ; he is, I think, every way qualified,

Mob. A Heel-Tap!

Heel-Tap. What d'ye mean, as Master Jeremy's deputy?

Sir Jac. Ay, ay, his *Locum Tenens*.

Sneak. Do, Crispin ; do be my *Locum Tenens*.

Heel-Tap. Give me your hand, Master Sneak, and to oblige you I will be the *Locum Tenens*.

Sir Jac. So, that is settled ; but now to heal the other breach : come, Major, the gentlemen of your cloth seldom bear malice ; let me interpose between you and my son.

Major. Your son-in-law, Sir Jacob, does deserve a castigation ; but, on recollection, a cit would but sully my arms. I forgive him.

Sir Jac. That's right ; as a token of amity, and to celebrate our feast, let us call in the fiddles : now if the Major had but his shoes, he might join in a country dance.

Major. Sir Jacob, no shoes, a Major must be never out of his boots ; always ready for action. Mrs. Sneak will find me light-some enough.

Sneak. What are all the women engaged ? why then my *Locum Tenens* and I will jig together. Forget and forgive, Major

40 THE MAYOR, &c.

Major. Freely,

Nor be it said, that after all my toil,
I stain'd my regimentals by a broil.
To you I dedicate boots, sword, and shield,
Sir Jac. As harmless in the chamber as
the field,



THE END;

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